OUTING.

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"BUFFALO, gentlemen; all out!"

Then the slowly moving train suddenly came to a stand-still, the air-brakes were let off, and over the platforms of the cars thronged the expectant passengers, knickerbockers and extreme good-nature prevailing.

It was yet early, but for all that the curtains of the sleepers had been folded away and the berths put up an hour before, as members of the League of American Wheelmen in caps and helmets, moving to and fro through the long train, sought old acquaintances, or perchance, led only by curiosity, endeavored to find out who was aboard.

But now they swarmed like bees around the open doors of the baggage cars,— the blue, the gray, the League brown and the green; then one by one the wheels made their appearance, hanging in mid-air a moment, high above the upturned faces and outstretched hands, before being passed down to waiting owners; wheels in swaddling-clothes of cotton, or canton flannel; wheels in stout manilla "curl papers," twine wrapped and secure; wheels half protected, and wholly unprotected, while all were as grimy and dust-covered as a commercial traveler after a day's journey through the soft coal regions of Pennsylvania. Members of the Reception Committee, bright with crimson badges and smiling faces, flitted here and there amid the throng, replying to questions, collecting grip-sacks and baggage, — to be sent up to the hotel by conveyance, — and assisting wheelmen in various ways.

Romulus, learning that he could ride to the very door of the hotel, was busy adjusting pedals and polishing up, while Remus, whose pedals were in his grip-sack, stood leaning upon his wheel, impatiently waiting for the foot procession to move.

"This way, please," at length.

He was quite young, and as he pushed his enamelled roadster before him over the plank walk, up Seneca street, he apologized for a badly bent handle-bar.

"I haven't been riding but three weeks, you know, and I've taken three headers this morning already."

The sidewalks alone were held responsible, for be it known that the common council of Buffalo had magnanimously passed an ordinance allowing their free use everywhere, by visiting and other wheelmen, from the 1st to the 6th of July.

While a few members of the League arrived in town Wednesday, the hotels were fairly invaded Thursday morning, as every incoming train from the East or the West, or from the southward, brought large delegations. The clerks' desks were besieged, the corridors literally crammed

with wheels, and the breakfast-rooms ruthlessly invaded by hungry hordes, who clamored for "anything, George; but, for Heaven's sake, hurry it up!"

The Genesee had been chosen as the official head-quarters of the League, and here the largest number of wheelmen, at any one place, were assembled. For an hour or more assigning rooms was out of the question, though everything was speedily arranged to the satisfaction of everybody, and order soon prevailed where there had been but chaos and confusion. After breakfast the club flags and banners, one by one, began to appear about the desk and chandeliers. Club men in knots of two, three, or more moved here and there about the lobby, greeting old friends warmly and receiving introductions to new ones. Interested groups gathered before the bulletin-boards in the vestibule to read the notices regarding the hours of meetings, the announcements for banquet, parade, or excursions, and a few were at the long table, in the reading-room, penning notes to friends at home.

Upstairs, in parlor A, League officials were struggling with a throng of eager questioners; the press-gang sought hurried interviews with anybody who would talk; while captains, conspicuous in military shoulder-straps, or stars, took turns in reporting their clubs and number of men for the morrow's parade.

About ten o'clock the dull, gray sky of the morning grew darker, and a gentle rain began to fall. The probabilities for fair weather on the morrow were favorable, however, and, considering that the day was to be given up chiefly to meetings, the visitors, generally, took a good-natured view of the situation, and resolved to make the best of it. But not so the indefatigable members of the Buffalo Bicycle Club, who were working, like good fellows, to make the occasion an enjoyable one.

"We are *so* sorry," said a genial member of the Reception Committee, at the Buffalo Club House. "The disappointment is very disheartening, I assure you."

But what seemed a calamity was really a blessing in disguise, for it left little with which to occupy the time besides attending the meetings and lounging about the hotel corridors, the latter occupation proving especially enjoyable, as allowing abundant

ON DELAWARE AVENUE.

opportunity to become acquainted. Then, too, members of the association from far and near were enabled to mingle with each other and discuss freely the vexed questions of League politics, and to enjoy a full and pleasant interchange of opinions. This feature of the national gathering alone is of inestimable importance, not only to the membership individually considered, and from a social stand-point, but to the League itself, as the very life of the body depends largely upon the degree of unity in its component parts.

At half-past ten o'clock Thursday morning the Board of Officers met in one of the large rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association building, the session lasting for several hours. After going through with the usual preliminaries of adjourning the old Board and organizing the new, — Frank H. Clark, of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, having been made temporary chairman, — the body proceeded to the election of officers, with the following result: Dr. N. Mahlon Beckwith, of New York City, president, was reëlected; Stephen Terry, of Hartford, Conn., treasurer, was chosen first vice-president, and Frank P. Kendall of Worcester, Mass., was elected treasurer. Eugene M. Aaron, of Philadelphia, was reëlected secretary, and editor of the official gazette, and T. J. Kirkpatrick, of Ohio, was elected third member of the Executive Board to fill yearly vacancies. Both of the last-named gentlemen were elected by a single ballot, cast by the secretary, on unanimous vote of the session.

Mr. Terry, as ex-treasurer, then read his annual report, by which it was shown that $4,686.44 had been received during the past year, and $3,688.59 disbursed, leaving a balance in the treasury of $997.85, with an additional balance of $128.50 due from State divisions. The report of Mr. Charles K. Alley, of Buffalo, ex-corresponding secretary, showed that 2,742 applications for membership had been received during the year, 2,698 of which had been accepted. Of these, New York is credited with 538 applications; Michigan, 30; Pennsylvania, 427; Massachusetts, 309; Ohio, 260; New Jersey, 213; Illinois, 187; Connecticut, 181; Maryland, 100; Iowa, 78; Indiana, 51; Kentucky, 40; New Hampshire, 32; Minnesota, 30; District of Columbia, 28; Louisiana, 7; Vermont, 7; non-divided, 224. Then followed the discussion of sundry matters before the Board, the details of which are omitted here as uninteresting to the general reader.

By noon the rain had not abated, and there were dark forebodings for the morrow's parade and races. A little ray of light was let in upon the general depression, however, by the agreeable announcement that Colonel Waud, of the Seventy-fourth Regiment, had offered the use of the armory drill hall for the afternoon, and for the exercises of the morrow, if it should be needed. This is said to be the largest covered floor space in the State, and is sufficiently large for a track measuring five laps to the mile.

The general meeting, which convened at two o'clock in Association Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association building, as regards attendance, enthusiasm, and interest, was a most gratifying one, and considerable important business was transacted. Passing over the report of President Beckwith, — which was an able and valuable document, wherein matters relating to touring, racing, the publication of a League organ, and other themes were touched upon, — the real work began with the reading of the reports of committees. The North Carolina case, as it is called (wherein the Legislature of that State has, by an act, interfered with the use of certain roads by wheelmen), had imperiled the rights of bicyclers in many other portions of the land, where prejudice has not been fully overcome, and the report of Mr. Gulick, of New York, was listened to with the deepest interest. When the written opinion of Judge Russel, of North Carolina, had been given, the tone was so emphatically adverse to the interests of the wheel that the report fell with an icy chill upon the assembled multitude. But the feeling of depression was but for a moment, for Mr. Charles E. Pratt, of Boston, in stirring language, struck the key-note of the situation when he held that the roads in this country are free, and that a man may travel from Maine to California by any mode of conveyance he chooses, if he behaves himself. He considered it the duty of the League of American Wheelmen to protect the rights of bicyclers, and he hoped the matter would not rest where the report had left it, but be pushed to a final conclusion. The result was electrical. Amidst applause that shook the building, a motion was made by Mr. George E. Blackham, of Dunkirk, to push the matter to a final and, possibly, successful conclusion, if it took every dollar in the League

treasury. This was passed with such emphatic acclamation and positive enthusiasm that there can be no shadow of doubt regarding the sentiments of the League membership upon this important matter. The question has sometimes been asked, "What can the League do for bicycling?" With its almost 6,000 members, thoroughly in earnest and united, and who stand ready to back their sentiments with liberal subscriptions, "What may not the League do for bicycling?" is the ready reply. Prejudice is a weak foe indeed when right and might are the opposing forces.

The vexed Amateur question came up at this meeting in a form so positively objectionable that it was as overwhelmingly sat upon as the massive Jumbo might sit upon a mouse. There was no mistaking the sentiment of the meeting in the fusilade of remarks which followed its presentation. As the League had been founded by amateurs, and had reached its present splendid proportions through strict adherence to the amateur rule as embodied in its constitution, it was deemed that to throw wide open its doors to the professional at the present time was simply a tearing away of the very corner-stone of the structure.

After much discussion an amendment to the constitution, defining the meaning of the word amateur, was offered by Mr. Abbot Bassett,[1] — a less acceptable one by Dr. Blackham having been rejected, — which was almost unanimously referred to the Board of Officers for their approval. A few other unimportant matters then came before the meeting, after which the body adjourned, a short session of the Board of Officers being held at the close of the general session to complete unfinished business.

The fine appearance of bicyclers as a body has frequently been commented upon at meetings of wheelmen, but nowhere has this been more noticeable than at Buffalo. Mature, intelligent, and fine-appearing men were the rule, while tall or large men were sufficiently numerous to give a marked character to the assemblage. The tall men and the men with silvery hair or beards were not enumerated; but a dozen gentlemen were found in a very short space of time, in the lobby of a single hotel, the average of whose weights could be set down at 208 pounds avoirdupois, and one weighed 240.

[1] For the text of this amendment see the bicycling department of the Monthly Record in the present issue of this magazine.

Nor was this the only pleasant feature of so large an assemblage of men, brought together through mutual interest in a healthful sport; for a more good-tempered and thoroughly sociable company of gentlemen it would be hard to find anywhere. And the feeling communicated itself to the non-bicycling hotel guest, who pleasantly took what he could get, under the circumstances, making himself thoroughly at home amid the — to him — unnatural surroundings. And from the genuine interest shown in the stacks of wheels that filled all available space, and from his eager questionings, we know he is in a fair way to take the fever.

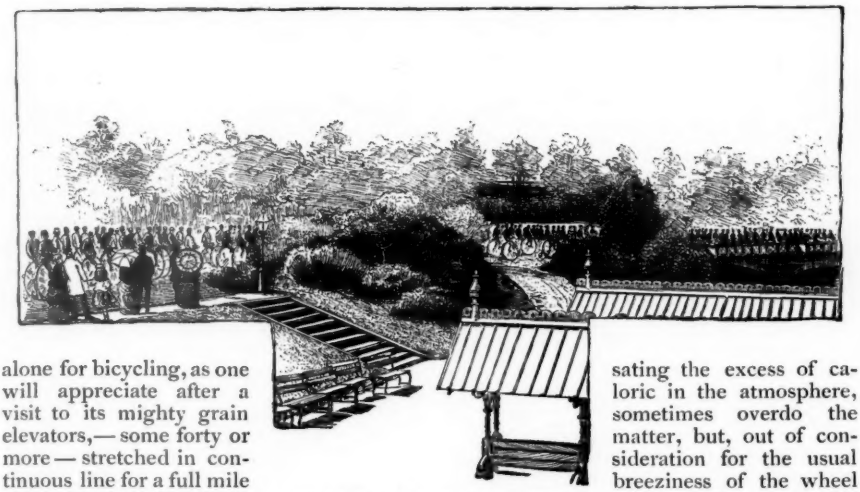
Even now I recall the figure of a pompous old gentleman, of eminent respectability and some 250 pounds of adipose, who with difficulty edged his way to the clerk's desk through the crowd of lounging wheelmen. He was preceded by an ebon attendant with well-filled portmanteaus, and, as he at length reached the register, and received a familiar greeting and a well-worn pen from the clerk in charge, his face beamed with a whole basketful of sunshine; then, with well-simulated concern, he queried: —

"Mr. Blank, has my velocipede come in yet?"

Another pleasant feature was the absence of the purely commercial phase of bicycling. No one had anything to sell, or to push, or to bring into prominent notice, yet everybody was ready to talk machine or accessories upon occasion, and all had positive opinions to offer and defend.

When we are told that something like 500 bicycles are in use by wheelmen in the city of Buffalo, and that it has many beautiful, and fine surfaced streets, and several parks, besides a contiguous country furnishing splendid opportunity for long-distance riding, one can readily understand how cycling flourishes there, and why it was selected as the meeting-place for the League the present year. Then it is claimed that Buffalo is the most central point of the territory over which the League of American Wheelmen at present exextends its jurisdiction. The distance by rail to Boston is 495 miles; to New York, 430 miles; to Philadelphia, 425 miles; to Washington, 440 miles; to Cincinnati, 435 miles; and to Chicago, 530 miles; and it is further stated that more than nine-tenths of all the wheelmen in the United States reside within these limits.

But the city of Buffalo is not a center



NEAR THE BOAT-HOUSE IN THE PARK.

alone for bicycling, as one will appreciate after a visit to its mighty grain elevators,— some forty or more — stretched in continuous line for a full mile along Buffalo Creek, — the western terminus of the Erie Canal. We are told that 3,000,000 bushels of wheat can be received and transferred in a day from lake vessels to the rail cars or canal boats, and that the elevators have a combined storage capacity of three times this vast amount of the cereal product. Naturally, Buffalo is one of the chief commercial cities of the country, and her railroad lines, shooting out like the wire spokes of a wheel, and radiating in every direction, are the great avenues over which the wealth of the West is transported to the sea-board cities of the East. Nor is her commerce confined to grain alone: her lumber interests are vast and important, her trade in metals, such as iron and copper-ore, in mineral oil, — petroleum, — or in coal is immense; and fortunes are accumulated through the flour and provision trade. There are six different lines of railway to New York alone, and as many Chicago-ward in almost the opposite direction.

Whatever may be said of Buffalo as a winter home, — for the lake winds, especially in March or April, are quite severe, — the summers are charming in the extreme. "Bring your overcoats to the meet" was advice that some were disposed to regard even as lightly as the reason assigned for appointing the date of the meeting so late in the season; however, overcoats *are* sometimes a luxury in July, and a blanket or two not altogether to be ignored upon a midsummer night. The breezes that blow from Lake Erie, always agreeably compensating the excess of caloric in the atmosphere, sometimes overdo the matter, but, out of consideration for the usual breeziness of the wheel costume, there were no remarkable exhibitions in this direction during the wheelmen's stay in the delightful city.

Undoubtedly the Buffalonians extract their full share of enjoyment from life, as the many beautiful residences testify. There are numerous clubs, commercial, social, and other; and such out-door sports and recreations, as yachting, canoeing, tennis, horseback riding, etc., are fully appreciated.

It is not surprising, then, that the wheelmen's parade should have called out an immense concourse of people, who fairly blocked the streets in every direction contiguous to North street and Delaware avenue, and lined the sidewalks along nearly the whole route of the procession. There were some 600 riders in the parade, and as the long cavalcade took up its line of march, headed by a military band drawn by spans of handsome grays, and the welcome sunlight flashed and glinted upon silken banners and shining wheels, and the soft breezes gently swayed the branches of the trees, or swept the landscape beds of flowers in lawn and parking, it was an inspiring picture.

Handsome decorations were quite common along Linwood and Delaware avenues, and on Franklin and North streets, and in some cases balconies of handsome residences were very artistically festooned with rich draperies in bright, warm colors. Decorated wheels, and the initial letters "L.A.W.," were conspicuous; while little flags bearing the League emblem were displayed everywhere.

After leaving Delaware avenue the route led to the lake in the park, past the pretty boat-house, and thence over the bridge, and around the grand circle which encloses the meadow. To the participants this was the most enjoyable portion of the route, for the park scenery is very beautiful at this point. The soft bugle-calls mingling with the sweet strains of an air from the "Beggar Student" floated with delicious cadence over the billowy expanse of verdure that clothed the intervale, and was echoed back by the birds in every tree; groups of park laborers hastily threw aside their implements of toil and gathered under some spreading oak to view the passing wheels; handsome equipages were hurriedly driven upon the grass, that the occupants might better enjoy the spectacle, while over the meadow came dashing a fair *equestrienne*, whose skill in the saddle made scores of gallant wheelmen faint with envy. When the head of the line had completed the entire circle of the meadow, and had reached the point of divergence, the last of the riders were just disappearing amid the trees. Returning to the city the line wound its way to the lake front, where, after disbandment, a photograph of the company was taken upon the hill-side, followed by a light lunch *al fresco*, then back to the hotels again, and to dinner.

The races were the feature of the afternoon program, and included the League championship one-mile bicycle and one mile tricycle, the Buffalo Bicycle Club extending the program with their annual tournament and a number of interesting events. The race meet was held on the grounds of the Buffalo Driving Park, a famous course, by-the-by, where some of the best equine flyers of the day have shown their mettle. The course is a mile-track, with slight grades, and, owing to the nature of the soil and the rains of the day previous, was in anything but fair condition. The stiff breeze, too, on the home-stretch. was against fast time, although George Hendee pushed by G. E. Webber made the mile in 2.44, a record that argues well for future efforts. As the races are fully reported, however, in their proper place in this magazine, they are omitted from these pages.

The banquet was served by the management of the Tifft House, at the New Becker building, on Main street, covers being laid for about 300 persons. The company assembled at half-past nine in the evening, a number of distinguished citizens of Buffalo being among the invited guests. After an hour or more had been spent in delightful social intercourse, and the discussion of a long *menu*, during which Plogstead's orchestra entertained with a choice program, the assemblage was rapped to order, and Mr. Charles E. Pratt, as toast-master, gracefully opened the second part of the evening's exercises.

The address of welcome was delivered by Hon. E. Carlton Sprague, and was well received. N. Mahlon Beckwith responded to the sentiment, "The L.A.W," and Hon. Sherman S. Rogers to that of "Buffalo and Niagara Falls." Mr. Stephen Terry spoke for "the Board of Officers," and Mr. J. O Monroe made remarks. Then Mr. J. S. Brierly, of Toronto, being called upon, made some interesting statements regarding "The Canadian Wheelman's Association," and Colonel Albert A. Pope, of Boston, made a very entertaining and witty response to the toast, "Bicycling." The

AT OAKFIELD.

sentiment, "The President of the United States," called forth a ringing speech from Hon. D. N. Lockwood, who was introduced very happily as "The Great Nominator." Allusions to Presidents Lincoln, Grant, and Cleveland were received with demonstrative applause. The Rev. George W. Cutter had nearly finished his response to "The Clergy," when, the hour of half-past twelve having arrived, the electric lights went out, and the remainder of the program was omitted. A very pleasant feature of the evening was the singing of the Mendelssohn Club, a number of pretty and appropriate selections being well rendered and enthusiastically applauded.

The meet was now practically over, yet there are those, it is said, who, after returning to their hotels, sat into the waning hours, and 'mid the airy nothingness of curling smoke wreaths, and the sound of clinking crystal, spoke of other meets, and told the tales of auld lang syne.

Independence Day came in quietly. There was a number of tourist arrivals in the morning, and now everywhere was seen the purple and silver insignia of that right royal band which was to leave Buffalo the 6th of July upon the long-talked-of "Big 4" tour. At noon there was an excursion to Niagara Falls, a considerable body of wheelmen embracing the rare opportunity to visit this wonder, many of them taking their wheels with them on the train. But some did not go; and a few were lured away from the city's dust and noise to a pretty island spot some distance down the river,— a veritable Arcadia, — where the breezes blew softly in the trees, and the turf was green and velvety; where birds sang, and tiny insects piped their overtures, and there was only peace.

And what more may be said? That the meet was successful in point of attendance, in interest, in importance of work accomplished, and from a social stand-point, goes without saying. With an excellent Board of Officers, with a membership of nearly 6,000 active and enthusiastic wheelmen, with a substantial balance in the treasury, with a new official bulletin, and everything working in perfect harmony, the League of American Wheelmen may proudly look back upon its meeting at Buffalo as a very tall milestone to mark its progress on the sure road to honor and usefulness.

Again Remus has packed up his pedals, put his wheel in "curl papers," paid his hotel bill, and reluctantly turned his face station-ward. The streets are full of revelers now; — for it is the evening of the "Glorious Fourth," and one of these suddenly bars his progress.

"Won't ye (hic) letterfeller ride that — that thing? I'll be ver' caref'l (hic)."

"But, my friend," Remus replies, as he points to the useless cranks, "don't you see there are no pedals?"

"Oh, yesh, I — I shee — course I shee. 'Scuse a feller, won't ye (hic)? Good ev'n!" and assaying a pull at his hat-brim, he reeled on.

And then, a little farther along: "Goot-py, Mr. Veelmans! Goome again some udder dimes; und goot-luck mit you!"

Good-by!

At length the station is reached; again the bicycle hangs in mid air, and then disappears into the black, cavernous depth of the baggage car. Remus seeks "Lower 4" in the "Rienzi;" the wheels revolve; they are rushing into the night, and the Buffalo meet of the League of American Wheelmen is but a memory.

Charles Richards Dodge.

ISLE AU HAUT.

DELEGATED by Sieur de Monts to make discoveries along the coast of Norumbeque, Sieur de Champlain set out in a patache of seventeen or eighteen tons on the second of September, 1604, with a dozen sailors for crew and a couple of savages to serve as guides, and took his perilous way westward along a course not greatly dissimilar from that now followed by the Machias and Mt. Desert steamers. Coming to the mouth of the Penobscot, which name he was at the pains of laboriously spelling Pentegoüet, he found himself in the midst of a group of islands which extended a dozen leagues to sea from the main land. The chief of these islands he christened Isle des Monts Deserts, and recorded in his log that it